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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, MARCH 9, 1899. NUMBER 2.

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ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent,
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replied, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899. NUMBER 2.

The communication to the Springfield (Mass.) *Daily Republican*, printed in another column, is, we suspect, from the pen of one whose initials and name were very familiar to the readers of UNITY in the earlier days—G. S. Merriam. Mr. Merriam is a man whose writings have reached the deep places of the soul and touched the tenderest forces that make home and country sacred, and we print his words, hoping that they will be read as the utterances of a prophet and a poet, rather than of a partisan or a polemic.

The *Chicago Tribune* is disconsolate over the fact that the recent Congress tied the hands of the Navy Department by passing the $300 a ton limit to armor plate, thus practically making impossible the building of the three first-class battleships and the three first-class armored cruisers ordered by another bill. This is another symptom of the military itch with which the United States is at present afflicted. Have we not a better way of keeping pace with the "powers" of Europe, aye, of keeping ahead of them, than by tagging a long way after some of them in making infernal machines to kill men with, diabolical instruments to express the wrath of man? Is this the way the last Congress, whose boast is that it spent a billion and a half of dollars, meets the Czar's proposition for international disarmament?

A pathetic interest gathers around the book just out from the pen of Captain Sigsbee of the Maine, the story of whose career and destruction is here authoritatively set forth. The *Literary News*, in its notice of the book, says, and we fear truthfully, "probably no single event exercised so powerful an influence in precipitating the late war as the destruction of the battleship Maine," and still the review farther along says: "Captain Sigsbee expresses himself most dispassionately and emphatically disclaims any attempt to fix responsibility." That it was destroyed by a submarine mine is settled, but whether by accident or design, and if by design, whether it was the design of some disordered Guiteau, a wild cabal of Cuban patriots hoping to precipitate American interference, a band of unauthorized Spanish patriots or the dastardly treachery of the Spanish government itself, the man who knows most about the affair does not presume to know. How sad to think of the thousands of American boys who, in one way or another, have laid down their lives or remained to drag out a shattered existence, being hurried to their fate by this great "perhaps."

The English-speaking people all over the world waited in anxious solicitation for tidings from the bedside of Rudyard Kipling, and, when the cloud lifted and the tides of life began to return, the world breathed easier; but, no sooner did this relief come than another pang has touched us and millions of hearts go out to the sick poet, who, as yet, does not know that the Death Angel, that spared his life, bore away the beloved Josephine, the dear child. Genius cannot escape the rude handlings of Providence, but it is the blessed task of genius to translate these handlings into their life equivalents. We have deplored that the fine powers of Kipling should have been concentrated, as it seems to us, on inadequate themes in his last two poems, "The Truce of the Bear" and "The White Man's Burden." Genius must, in the long run, give itself to the broadest things and interpret humanity at its maximum. Now that he is called to bear the full burden of man, without the modification of race or the qualification of color, we will believe more than ever that there are greater things in store for us from this gifted West-Easterly mind. The Anglo-Saxon in him has been warmed by the Indian sun and nurtured by Hindu inspiration. There is poetry yet in store for us, let us hope, from this pen, that will blend the White Man and the Brown Man and combine the simple loyalty of Gungha Din with the aggressive grasp of the Anglo-Saxon. Poor father and mother, they sit to-day, conscious of a larger household than ever before—the household of suffering.

The recent celebration of the seventieth birthday of Mr. Carl Schurz is an event of national interest. It is a recognition not only of great ability, but of the place there is in the United States for simple honesty when coupled with mental power and personal purity. Mr. Schurz was a man grown when he reached the American shores. Already he had proven too great a patriot to be a welcome citizen in his native land. He began his public career as an humble lawyer in the little town of Jefferson in Wisconsin, and his first recognition at the hands of the public was his nomination as lieutenant-governor on the Republican ticket in Wisconsin. During the war he rose to be a major-general. After that he became editor of a German paper in St. Louis, was sent to the United States Senate from there and afterward received the appointment of Secretary of the Interior under Hayes. He has been associate editor of the *New York Evening Post* and one of the leading writers of *Harper's Weekly*. The political press has had little comfort in him, the man who always "votes a straight ticket" dismisses Mr. Schurz promptly. The *New York Sun* calls him "a political dilettante, a public jack-of-all-trades and master of none," but those who have been able to distinguish between the partisan and the patriot, public spirit and self-seeking will recognize in Carl Schurz a valiant hater of shams, an opponent of fraud, a great friend and advocate of civil service reform who, perhaps of all great officials, did most toward applying

the principle. As one who spies tyranny from afar, he is a sworn enemy of imperialism and knows that expansion by conquest belongs not in the vocabulary of democracy. The fame of Carl Schurz is secure, and the fact that such a prophet of civic piety goes not without honor in his own country and in his own time gives us new grounds of hope for the United States.

Awaiting further report, which we hope will arrive in time for our next issue, we can only call attention to the exceedingly satisfactory character of the Congress, held at Lapeer, Mich., February 28 and March 1 and 2, the full program of which was published in a recent issue of this paper. The senior editor of this paper was present during the Wednesday sessions. He found, at the morning meeting, a full house and left, at the evening session, a crowded house. The prospects were that the program, as printed in this paper, would be carried out to the letter with but one exception. It was truly a Congress of Religion, where lines were forgotten, fellowship emphasized, freedom practiced and prophecy was spontaneous. Of the twelve or fifteen ministers on the ground there was but one opinion, and that was that it was so much of a success that it must be repeated. Indeed, it was a revelation to many of a new way of doing it—a way to quicken life, ameliorate antagonisms, deepen sympathies and quicken the consciences of a community. Let other places go and enlarge their lives with a local Congress, being sure only to reach after the broadest fellowship and the frankest discussion and all these other things will be added thereto.

The one apparently unanswerable argument against the municipal ownership and control of the inevitable monopolies of street railways, gas, water, telephone and telegraph systems, to many minds, seems to be the incompetency of our present civil service. "Not yet," is the retort of the most rational friend of this proposition in the abstract. Many who are thoroughly alive to the injustice, dishonesties and the abuse of the present franchise system still are reconciled to it on the score that to attempt municipal control would be but to increase the corruption and to add to the villiany connected with the management thereof. We know of no more radical or intelligent friend of municipal control, now in public life, than the mayor of Toledo, and perhaps this city has ventured farther and accomplished more in this direction than any of our American cities. The following note from the executive head of Toledo is self-explanatory and will be read with great interest by our readers:

To the Editors of UNITY:

Dear Friends—In reply to the popular criticism of public ownership on the ground that our civil service is so bad that to do further service would tempt to corruption, I have to say that our experience proves this charge to be wrong. I have never heard of any corruption in the postoffice department, bad as the civil service is. In this city we own our own water works, and we own a natural gas plant, the fire department, the public schools, etc., and there is little or no talk of corruption in any of these. The management is usually conceded to be as good or better than if it were in the hands of a private corporation. Traveling men who sell supplies to private corporations and to municipal corporations tell me that their experience proves almost uniformly that the purchasing agent of a private corporation is more easily corrupted than the purchasing agent of a municipal corporation.

You know Henry D. Lloyd says, "Our problem is a paradox; we must municipalize in order to have good government, and we must have good government in order to municipalize." The poison and root of the whole evil is in the vicious social system, the denial of Brotherhood. The prevailing idea that is so hard to get out of the world is that a few of us are born to rule. As soon as we drop that, we believe in public ownership; any other idea is a denial of democracy—I mean such democracy as Whitman saw when he said, "I speak the pass word primeval; I give the sign of democracy. My God I will have nothing that all cannot have their counterpart of on equal terms."

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. JONES.

Executive Department of the City of Toledo, O.
Feb. 27, 1899.

Daniel Lewis Shorey.

No other name of a layman in the West has been so familiar to the readers of UNITY, from its inception, as the above, and the announcement that he is no more with us will carry a shock of pain to hundreds of our readers and awaken memories tender and harrowing in many a heart. Mr. Shorey had reached the rounded age of seventy-five. Up to within a few weeks of his death he had enjoyed good health—that was his life's endowment. Then came the grip, and, lastly, the heart wearied and on Saturday morning, March 4, he quietly passed away in the presence of wife and two children.

Mr. Shorey was a worthy representative of the western man at his best. Born in Maine, of Revolutionary stock, his grandfather fought at Bunker Hill at the age of nineteen and became a member of Washington's body guard. Trained by the best of New England schools, being a graduate, respectively, of Phillips Academy, Dartmouth College and Harvard University. After an experience as a teacher of the classics in an academy at Washington and one year passed at the Boston bar he came West in 1856, and after ten years of practice at Davenport, Ia., he entered the tumultuous life of Chicago, where for thirty-three years he has been a sane and saving influence, honoring the profession of law, encouraging and leading in the civic and religious life of the community. He shaped the Public Library Law of Illinois and, in connection with W. F. Poole, the great librarian, perhaps his most intimate friend for many years, helped found and shape the Public Library of Chicago, on whose board he served for a long time. For six years Mr. Shorey was a member of the city council of Chicago, thereby redeeming and elevating the deplorable term of "alderman." When the University of Chicago was reorganized on broader lines and more adequate foundations Mr. Shorey was one of the non-Baptist laymen given a place on the Board of Trustees. With the growth of this university, particularly with the erection of the buildings and the beautifying of the grounds, Mr. Shorey was most intimately connected. In 1890 he withdrew from active business life and retired to enjoy a competency in his beautiful home at

Hyde Park, within a few moments' walk of the campus of the university, in which he had the joy and pride of seeing his only son, Prof. Paul Shorey, rise to the high efficiency of head professor of Greek.

But it is as president of the Western Unitarian Conference for eighteen years that Mr. Shorey is best known to our readers. The wide reading, honest and fearless thinking, which characterized him, made him a radical Unitarian, and in the councils of the body, both national and western, he was a recognized and honored leader. In the strain of thought through which the Western Conference passed through the '70s and '80s, Mr. Shorey's voice and vote was always unflnichingly for the ethical basis of fellowship and the progressive interpretation of that Unitarianism that, in his mind, was a movement and not a sect, a method and not a body of conclusions. When the Church of the Messiah started the branch in the neighborhood of the University of Chicago Mr. Shorey took an active part in the development of the missionary movement and rejoiced in the services of the new chapel, built near his home, from which his body was carried to its final resting place.

Many will remember, with the present writer, the rising wave of emotion that was promptly suppressed when, in response to his reëlection to the presidency of the Western Conference last May, he began to allude, in his words of acceptance, to his age and the fact that he could not much longer be expected to meet the duties of the office, but the voice broke and the sentence remained uncompleted. A foreshadow of the event of the last week passed through his mind and those of his hearers, but there is little to regret. To him was given to know a large amount of the blessings of life, the benedictions of home, the appreciation of friends and the sweet delights of study and the peace of scholarship. All these considerations come to the consolation of the wife and two children and many friends he leaves behind him. For nearly thirty years the writer of this notice has enjoyed his acquaintance and a measure of his confidence and fellowship, and UNITY has found in him a student and a supporter, from its inception. When he agreed with it it was with an active agreement; when he differed from it it was with courtesy and grace. Farewell and hale, friend and fellow worker.

The Mayoralty of Chicago.

The contest for the mayoralty of Chicago is fairly on. It promises to be a triangular fight between three strong, and, in the main, desirable candidates. Were either of these men to enter upon the duties of the mayor, untrammeled and uncommitted, the intelligent voter might be reasonably satisfied with either one. The sad thing about the contest is that each one becomes very undesirable when the voter remembers his affiliations, political obligations and more or less party commitments.

Carter Harrison, the present incumbent, has made, in many respects, a noble record for himself. He has shown a spirit of independence and vigilance scarcely to be expected in a man of his years, and he has made a brave and successful fight against the unscrupulous combinations that would defraud the public under the name of franchises. But he came into office through the coöperation of a hungry lot and his civil service record has been deplorable, and if he is reëlected it will be through the coöperation of the same gang, and perhaps there is little ground for the hope he will do better next time.

Zina Carter, the Republican candidate, is a gentleman above reproach and one who deserves and who will probably receive the confidence of the better elements of his party, but he receives his election at the hands of that unholy combination—the Republican machine of Chicago—that have offered so many indignities to public decency in recent years, and their confidence is a reproach to any man. Fortunately, Mr. Carter is a stanch believer in civil service reform, and maybe, if elected, he will be strong enough to keep back the party hordes and to give us an administration in the name of the people, with no side glances at the presidential campaign of 1900.

The third candidate, ex-Governor Altgeld, will probably present himself as an independent, on live issues, committed to municipal ownership and control of the great franchises, and, if he runs independent of party nomination, will be free from certain entranglements, which ought to enable him to apply the principles of civil service, in which he believes; but, in order to get into the race he is compelled to associate with elements that, to say the least, smirch the fair name of anyone who will consort with them. The man whose political friends are of the stripe of Johnnie Powers cannot be the man in whom the public can be expected to trust.

Thus it is that the honest citizen of Chicago is embarrassed, not by the candidates, but by the way these candidates enter the field and by the parties and forces they represent. Could either one of these three represent a municipal organization, consisting of the better elements in the city of Chicago, independent of party lines and pledged to an indifference to the distinctions of national politics, the city of Chicago might look forward with hopefulness to the coming election. As it is, our voters find themselves more enslaved to national partisanship than they were four years ago, when the Municipal Voters' League was organized, with the fair promise of preparing the way for independency in municipal politics.

"Belshazzar's Feast."

President McKinley will sit as the honored guest of the Home Market Club. The riches, the enterprise, the solid citizenship of New England's capital city will be represented in that company. Visions of increasing wealth, of spreading glory, will be painted by eloquent speakers. The president himself will unfold some plan in which philanthropy and profit shall advance hand in hand. And all the brilliant assembly will have only praise and congratulations for the nation's chief.

Behind that scene another picture opens. In the background of that company one sees the air filled with thousands of faces—pale, weeping, convulsed. They are the faces of Philippino women and children, whose houses have been burned, whose husbands and fathers have been slaughtered by the soldiers of the United States, acting under the command of the president. The faces of the dead are there—thousands of corpses on the battlefield, mangled and ghastly. They stood for their homes and their freedom; they were in arms to maintain as their own the land that bore them. They were mown down by the shot and steel of foreign invaders, who had bought for gold the title of earlier tyrants. It was the Ameri-

can government that snatched the work of subjugation from the palsied hands of Spain. It was the president of the United States who set the army and navy upon the work. Back of the suave and comfortable faces of the Home Market Club lower the visages of the slain, the bereft, the homeless, the martyrs of liberty.

And yet back of these loom awful forms, unseen by mortal eyes, but surer and stronger than all we see. They are the eternal powers of Justice and Right, who hold rulers and people to final account. Alike to them are the president of the United States and the Philippino boy-soldier writhing under a death stroke from our guns. Before the great republic, before its elected chief, before all its citizens, they set the issues of life and death for our choosing. And the face of heaven grows dark, and its clouds are big with menace, when we despoil and slaughter the weak and veil our tyranny with hypocrisy.—*G. S. M., in the Springfield (Mass.) Daily Republican, February 16, 1899.*

The Need of New Hymns.

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light bringers!
Forward, I reach and share
All that they sing and dare."

Is it not time we had a new collection of hymns—new in the sense of fitness to the times, and the intention of the thinking man of to-day? Almighty kings may suit and inspire the autocratic rituals of an old world, but they mean little or nothing to our people. Pillars of cloud or fire have too much of a pyrotechnic significance to touch closely the modern heart. The grand old hymns, "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Still, Still with Thee," "Lead Kindly Light," must remain. But let our modern singers—and there are a score who write for the liberal journals—from dear Dr. Hale to the last graduates of school or street; let them express the yearning and aspiration of the human heart that beats in unison with the loveliest of its kind. Let us make God in human nature the theme—not forever a king riding in tempests and seated upon the whirlwind. Modern science points to a vaster and nearer heaven than our fathers knew. Tennyson struck a keynote in "Flower in the Crannied Wall," Browning in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Lowell in his "Present Crises," Longfellow in a dozen household poems and Whitman in much of his work. But let us put by the stock phrases making God so greatly terribly and far away, and bring out the lovely vernacular of modern need and sympathy. The terms now in use are obsolete as far as real feeling and expression are concerned. Let us no longer be imprisoned by the past, but keep abreast of the present need.

I feel sure that a direct call would bring a ready response and record a new achievement in the cause of humanity, for truly the songs of a people are more than its literal history; and such songs are worthy only as they justly record the feelings of the true and inner life of the people. Let us not sing what we no longer believe, for song is too potent and beautiful to be used merely as a vehicle for ancient history. If we have gotten rid of an angry God, let us free ourselves from the God who rides forever over our heads, and claim the God who makes man his companion and intimate. Let no words stand between us and perfect freedom. No longer the terrible God of Mediæval Mosaic, but the God to be found in field and flower, the God that looks out of the face of every child and fresh unspoiled creation. Let the Olympian gods have rest, and show us the God who helps one every day. Modern art is clothing Jesus in modern garments and feeling, so all may understand him; so let it be with modern song.—*Wm. Ordway Partridge in Free Church Record.*

The Organization of the World.*

The Massachusetts Good Citizenship Society has arranged for a series of Monday noon meetings at Tremont Temple, beginning Monday, March 6, for the consideration of the subject of the "Better Organization of the World."

The importance of this subject has never been felt so deeply by thoughtful persons as it is felt to-day. Whatever the various feelings of various men concerning the events of the past year, it becomes clear and imperative to all that the civilized nations, whose industrial interests and trade relations are now so complex and manifold, and becoming more and more so with such rapidity, should be brought into closer and more organic legal and political relations. The methods of war do not befit the age; they are not adequate or proper methods for the settlement of international troubles and disputes. The time has come for civilization to take a great step forward.

The feeling in Europe upon this subject is intense. The Czar's recent manifesto, calling for the decrease of armaments, is a memorable expression of this feeling. The coming international conference at the Hague will be an historic event. Its influence and results will be largely determined by the expression of public opinion in the various countries of Christendom. The response in England is inspiring and most impressive. Not since the day of Gladstone's appeal for Bulgaria, twenty years ago, has there been seen in England a popular movement so noteworthy as the present Peace Crusade, with great meetings in every city, the circulation by millions of the journal of the Crusade, "War against War," and the words from the great leaders in Church and State.

America should not be behind England in this great movement, and she will not be. In New York, Philadelphia and Chicago efforts are to be made, through mass meetings and otherwise, to create a strong public opinion. In Boston a Peace Crusade Committee has been formed, and a weekly journal, "The Peace Crusade," will be published for three months, beginning in March.

The Good Citizenship Society, recognizing international duty as a prime factor in all good citizenship to-day, has arranged the noon meetings at Tremont Temple as its best contribution to the cause. The meetings already arranged are as follows:

March 6: Rev. Edward Everett Hale will speak on "A Permanent International Tribunal."

March 20: Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, will speak on "Organized Labor's Contribution to International Peace."

March 27: Rev. Lyman Abbott will speak on "International Brotherhood."

April 3: The meeting will be in the hands of the women, addressed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and others.

The arrangements for further meetings will be duly published. All lovers of peace and believers in the brotherhood of humanity are asked to help in making these Monday meetings large and impressive. It is hoped that while the meetings are in progress in Boston similar meetings may be organized in every large city in Massachusetts, and earnest citizens everywhere are asked to act in this matter. In the churches, in the press, and in every influential way, it is confidently trusted that Massachusetts will show that conspicuous interest in this commanding cause which she has never failed to show in whatever concerns the welfare of mankind.

EDWIN D. MEAD, President.
RAY GREENE, Secretary.

*This circular is published for wide distribution by the Boston society, and we ask our readers to help in the great propaganda.

Good Poetry.

Miracles.

Sick of myself and all that keeps the light
Of the blue skies away from me and mine,
I climb this ledge, and by this wind-swept pine
Singing, watch the coming of the night.
'Tis ever a new wonder to my sight.
Men look to God for some mysterious sign,
For other stars than those that nightly shine,
For some unnatural symbol of his might:—
Wouldst see a miracle as grand as those
The prophets wrought of old in Palestine?
Come watch with me the shaft of fire that glows
In yonder West; the fair, frail palaces,
The fading alps and archipelagoes
And great cloud-continents of sunset-seas.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

—*Lord Byron.*

Ecce Signum.

The wealth of Crœsus one had gained,
One told his ancient line;
Another honors high attained,
They died, but made no sign.

One yielded life a friend to save,
A beggar one did dine,
One sang a song to free the slave—
They died, but made the sign.

Oh, thou whose memory is the cross,
And crown of thorns divine;
Dear Christ, let me not know that loss
To die, and make no sign.

—*Ernest McGaffey.*

Bereaved.

Let me come in where you sit weeping,—aye
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss. Such arms—such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something,
Between the tears, that would be comforting,—
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Curiosities of Literature.

The Pious Editor's Creed.

[At the special instance of Mr. Biglow, I preface the following satire with an extract from a sermon preached during the past summer, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 2: "Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel." Since the Sabbath on which this discourse was delivered, the editor of the "Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss" has unaccountably absented himself from our house of worship.]

"I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore in the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid,—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercise any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkennels with a *staboy!* 'to bark and bite as 't is their nature to,' whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

"Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! And from what a Bible can he choose his text,—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity,—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title of *Pormain Laoon*, which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilization, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

"Nevertheless, our editor will not come so far within even the shadow of Sinai as Mahomet did, but chooses rather to construe Moses by Joe Smith. He takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woolen suit and a joint of mutton.

Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!

For which reason I would derive the name *editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called. He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot. I believe there are two thousand of these mutton-loving shepherds in the United States, and of these, how many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power, and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there, haply, one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labor to impress upon the people the great principles of *Tweedledum*, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Tweedledee*"—H. W.

"I du believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away as Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

* * * *

"I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness,—
That we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

"Wonderful, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Jaalam, the advent of my weekly journal is as that of a strolling theater, or rather of a puppet-show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown-paper wrapper!

"Hither, to my obscure corner, by wind or steam, on horseback or dromedary-back, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four corners of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism, tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets up his booth upon my desk and officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly. That animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the gray surtout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot, where you seem to see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a mite brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. That is the great Mr. Soandso, defining his position amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature, upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the Infinite. That scarce discernible puffiet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer, just arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. And lo, there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond.

"Yes, the little show-box has its solemner suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim background, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, bearing the newly married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence forever. Nay, we see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectator also.

"Think of it; for three dollars a year I buy a season ticket to this great Globe Theater, for which God would write the dramas (only that we like farces, spectacles, and the tragedies of Apollyon better), whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

"Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth and as sudden poverty:—I hold in my hand the ends of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of their puppet-pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not the singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruisgins? But to none of us does the Present continue miraculous (even if for a moment discerned as such). We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from Heaven, shall be the wrappage to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals."—H. W.

From the James Russell Lowell's Bigelow Papers.

In our advertising columns attention is called to the Helen Heath Settlement. Those having a margin of time can find here a field for the study of social problems and at the same time be of value to their less favored neighbors and the Settlement, while not interfering with their regular avocations.

The Pulpit.

True Liberalism.

F. W. GUNSAULUS.

Last Sunday was a rich day in Chicago for liberal thought. On many lines there were searching studies into living questions. The Conference of the American Institute of Sacred Literature previously announced in these columns, held its closing session in the University Sunday night, when the literary form of the Bible was discussed by Professors Shailer Matthews, Burton and Dr. W. R. Harper. Dr. Gunsaulus preached his first sermon in Central Music Hall to an overflowing house. The Rev. Artemus J. Haynes, who remains at Plymouth Church, began a series of sermons on the application of "Biblical Truths to Modern Institutions and Belief," while Dr. Herron filled McVicker's Theater in the morning and Central Music Hall in the evening. We give below such echoes from these pulpit utterances as could be compiled from the Monday press.—Eds.

Orthodoxy is, after all, only right doctrine, and liberalism is not opposed to right doctrine, though it may be opposed to what for many centuries has occupied the attention of men as right doctrine. Liberalism starts from the word liberty, and we have long ago found out there is no liberty which is not the child of law. The true liberalism in theology is that large and essential result obtained for faith by the freest possible use of all those faculties by which men obtain truth. A liberal man is free even from his own narrowness. His mind is so filled with the divine theory of life that the personal factor does not get in to discolor the results of thinking.

Jesus was the greatest liberal, because he was the greatest believer. He found religion narrow, with the best of men believing in God as the father of the Jewish nation; he left religion broad, with the race listening to his evangel of the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. A great faith cherishes the thought of a God too great for any one creed, too mighty for exclusive definitions. A universe pervaded with the divine order, and the everlasting heart of things reaching out loveward toward the one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves, is the possession of every liberal thinker. It is all incarnate and lovable in Jesus Christ.

In addition to this large place of thought there is a large place of hope and inspiration. There is no such absolute tyranny and narrowing despotism as the despotism of time. Give a man a sense of eternity; let him know that he plans and works in the ageless, timeless æons; that over all his blunders and sins, and in spite of all the material he destroys and the wounds he makes upon his own hands, there hovers and waits the infinite time; and you have made him a liberal indeed. That is, you have freed him.

It was in such an atmosphere as this that Jesus worked. The eternal life, in his thought and experience, was not something to be entered into only after death. It is living in eternity here and now.

This leads me to call attention to the large place which true liberalism provides, in its confidence as to the value of men under the grace of God. Only a true liberalism works in harmony with the human movement and is awake to the vast co-operation of men in achieving civilization.

Greatest of all is the gift of liberalism in furnishing a large mental and spiritual place by insisting on a profound faith. Our liberalism has sometimes meant only this, that we are superficial. We have forgotten that we want not only breadth laterally, but breadth vertically. The liberalism that refuses to realize that conscience, dark and terrible, must be lit up by the Light of the World, and that there are differences between holiness of God and the sins of men which can be reconciled only by that love which gave itself in

glad atonement on Calvary. We need to believe enough in divine love to see God reconciling the world unto himself in the death of Jesus Christ.

Radicalism means rootedness. We must be radicals if we would be true conservatives. We must go so deep into the sky above us that our liberalism will be as lofty as it is broad—as high as the hopes of man for God. We must be liberal enough to take in the broadest, deepest, highest soul of all the ages, to make Him master of our spirits, so that where He is we shall be also.

The most intolerant man of earth is the man who, in the name of what he calls liberalism, proceeds to tolerate only himself and his crowd. That is a liberalism too narrow for human feet, too petty for a race's faith. The true liberalism in me will be so reasonable that, if every man should adopt its attitude and method, the race would stand together, each man tolerant of all others, whatever might become of opinions. He would be so confident of his truth and so well aware that it only needed to be presented to reasonably vindicate itself to the reasoning powers of humanity, at last, that he would not take the time to excommunicate persons who differ from him, and he would lack the cruelty to burn any heretic. Let me be sure that I have largeness enough to appreciate an opponent's truth, and that I have wrought it, along with other truths, into all my faith, because my faith is inclusive and because it must have every truth, and will do without none, before I throw him and his truth away from me.

Jesus was the truly liberal soul. He was prejudiced in favor of righteousness and liberal in the direction of justice, and it was His purpose, because He was generous in soul and heroic in His love of freedom, to free men from sin. So He carried His liberalism up to the heights of Calvary and let it be crucified by bigotry. But it was the death of bigotry, and it will be the death of sin.

The liberal theology has its basis in liberal religion, and the liberal religion has its practical realization not in the theory alone, for that is theology, but in human life and in the love of God. Now, there will be just as much God in love and just as much love in God as we practically realize. Love means not something to talk about when other people persist in talking about justice, but it means self-sacrifice, and liberalism must go deeper than one's head and upon one's lips in the form of charity of speech. It must get into the heart in the form of brotherhood, and it must even reach the pocketbook and pour itself forth to the overflow of ignorance and the making this a better world. Nothing will remain permanently in our theology which is not made into flesh and blood. Liberal thought comes from liberal-mindedness, and liberal-mindedness must be warmed by liberal-heartedness, and liberal-heartedness must be kept at work in order to be healthy and true. A man whose liberalism costs him only a dollar a year has only a dollar's worth. He ought not to attempt supplying other people. Jesus' liberalism cost Him Calvary, and it is the only kind of liberalism man or God respects.

Modern View of God.

ARTEMUS G. HAYNES.

Evolution has destroyed many of our ideas concerning God. But it has brought home to us with a new impressiveness the mind and purpose in creation. The Jehovah of the Hebrews is not the God of modern thought. Ideas change; God remains. Physical science affirms that God cannot be known. Hence the phrase, "The Unknown God." In its affirmation, science is right. The scientific method does not reveal Him. There is a wise agnosticism which all men should accept. "No man hath ever seen God." Agnosticism is performing a great service in driving us back from all the pretensions of theology to that which is essential and sure. Love we are sure of; it is the divinest thing we know, and thus becomes to us God. If we love, God dwelleth in us, for God is love.

Religion then is love, and the more a man loves the more religious he is. Love brings out the Christ of a man's nature. Jesus lived nearly two thousand years ago, but Christ lives forever. Do not confound the immaculate conception and the incarnation. Jesus never once taught the first; he dwelt constantly upon the second. The incarnation is God in humanity. The new birth is the rising into a consciousness of love as God, and God as love. No man passes up into the higher life except as he is conceived by the Holy Ghost. If we would know God, we must know man at his best; if we would love God, we must learn to love one another.

This, then, becomes to us the practical question, "How may we learn to love man?" We are not speaking of souls, but everyday, commonplace people. And this is a hard question to answer. Love comes only through the discipline of duty and the self-sacrifice of service. Jesus learned to love by being faithful to the moral law of His nature. We say He saves. In the theological sense that is the most pernicious falsehood ever preached; in the ethical and religious sense it is profoundly true. He saves by inspiring us to service, and thus leading us into love. We must save ourselves, just as Jesus saved himself, by obedience to the God principle of love within. Jesus saves in so far as He leads us to work out our own salvation. Nothing can be done for me except as it is done within me. Jesus became Jesus Christ through perfect obedience to the Father. In the same way Peter becomes Peter Christ, James becomes James Christ, and John becomes John Christ. Two questions only are necessary as one stands at the threshold of the Christian church. The first: "Do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth had the right idea of life, as a principle of love and a practice of service?" The second: "Will you strive to live for love's sake and that of Christian service?"

This is the creed of Plymouth Church, or to give it in the exact words: "We believe in the life of service and love as lived by Jesus; we accept His words as our guide, and will strive to live in His spirit." What can be simpler? Yet what could call for more strenuous effort? The emphasis is placed on the love of the heart and the service of the hand. To understand the words of Jesus requires the most careful training of the intellect. Thus we meet the demands of heart, head and hand—the three things necessary in a complete religion. The love of the heart is to be interpreted and directed by the intelligence and practically actualized by the service of the hand. The new religion will unify emotionalism, rationalism and humanitarianism. We are on the verge of such a revival of religion as the world has never seen. The present necessity is to recognize that love is all we can know of God—that love is God. He who loveth knoweth the God, and he who loveth not knoweth not God.

Public Resources of Spiritual Liberty.

PROF. GEORGE D. HERRON.

In freedom alone does the soul thrive and blossom. Civilizations, religions and things are valuable just to the extent that they are useful in procuring freedom for each soul, to see truth for itself and to individualize its truth in life and word.

A man's spirit is injured, the citadel of his being is attacked, by whatever obstructs, binds or destroys his freedom to see and live the truth for himself—no mat-

ter whether it be a statute law, a religious creed or an economic condition. Ultimately everything and anything that hinders this freedom must go. The sooner we begin to take hands off the soul, take our things and laws off, the less of blood and agony the soul will have to go through in the inevitable achieving of its freedom. The first step in the spiritual salvation of the present day individual is in the deliverance of the people of christendom from economic servitude. The common ownership of the earth is the only ground upon which true property and liberty can be built, the only soil in which individuality may take root. Liberty as a human fact means communism in natural resources, democracy in production, equality in use, private property in consumption and the responsibility of each for all and all for each.

The Great Unknown.

From the closing of Jenkin Lloyd Jones' sermon on the "Two Isaiahs."

But the saddest and sweetest lesson of it all is that this great poet, this cheerful heart, this pitying bard, should have been denied a name and his personality should have been utterly lost to posterity, except so much of it as is imbedded in his words.

Two theories obtain to account for this lost name. One is that in the vicissitudes of time, the ravage and wastage that waited upon all the literary treasures of antiquity, the accidents incident to a non-literary and military age, the times of raiding, fighting, devastating and murdering around kings' palaces, the times when manuscripts were entrusted to ignorant guardians, subject to stupid copying and conceited editing, this old manuscript was deprived of its head and lost its superscription. By the time it had come down into the second century B. C., perhaps two hundred years after it was written, it was found as we now find it, hidden away under another name, compelled to dwell in a house not its own. We can imagine some discerning editor discovering this high poetry and reasoning—there is but one name in the traditions of Jewry large enough for this; only an Isaiah could have written it, hence it was thus located. Thus by a sort of clumsy assimilation, greatness drew greatness to its side.

But Renan offers another fascinating theory, and Renan's instincts are always worthy of consideration. He ventures the opinion that this writer was as anonymous to his contemporaries as to us, that from the very beginning he was a hidden power, an unknown thinker, an obscure scholar, an unconfessed brooder over problems. He was one who dared project his splendid dream into poetry, but who, for reasons best known to himself, withheld his personality, and so with his own hand he may have modestly tucked it in alongside of his favorite author, his great inspirer, the Isaiah of the golden age of Hebrew prophecy. He chose that his name should be hidden, that his word, perhaps, might be more respected. Like the great author of the book of Job (if, indeed, they might not be one and the same, as we have fancied), he did not care to shoulder the notoriety, the probable obloquy, the strain, the push and the pinch which waits upon all the great heroes of literature. As it was in times of old even so it is to this day. Witness the reception of the early writings of Emerson, Carlyle and Browning.

But let us not misplace our pity. The stone monuments and the tile libraries of Babylon are burdened with names and dates of those who are less known, and more forgotten than this unknown poet of the captivity. Indeed, the greatest souls always escape their own traditions. Most of the mighty discoveries of the world are as anonymous as is the song of the captivity. Who first sprung the arch or perfected the watch, devised the eccentric in mechanism or caught the secret of the magnet and constructed the first compass? The classics of Greece and Rome sparkle with unacknowledged gems and are glorious with unconfessed poetry. The galleries of Europe are rich with pictures where the master's hand is clear, but the master's name is lost. All great songs survive the singer. The sweetest, most far reaching notes of the lark touch the ear from sky depths which the eye cannot penetrate. Homer is but a name and Shakespeare is almost a shadow. Mean and small is the life that is bent on perpetuating itself. The most ridiculous use of money, the most pitiable waste of time, the most deplorable exhibit of one's littleness are found when a man proceeds to build his own tomb and superintends the construction of his own monument in dead and useless stones, and hires a poet to write his own epitaph and to cut it into dead granite. Such are the tombs most promptly forgotten, the monuments never honored and the inscriptions, if read at all, read in ridicule and as a warning. Higher than the words of the great unknown, nobler than his noblest poetry, diviner than his divinest vision is the splendid abandon of a soul in its quest for an idea, the divine recklessness of the pioneer clearing a country, not for himself, but for his ancestry; the passion of the investigator seeking the secrets of God for the benefit of man; the chilly solitude of the observer who sits in the astronomic tower at dead of night, unconscious of cold, mindless of sleep, while he is watching the stars that he may think the thoughts of God after Him.

So, friends, the sermon I leave with you I fain would carry higher than the highest flight of these splendid poets. His nameless immortality, the deathlessness of his word points the way by which we must travel if we would find the new Jerusalem he sang of and be the servant of the Lord, the suffering Messiah, the humble savior of men.

Cyrus was but a temporary and an inadequate messiah. Israel, the suffering servant of the Most High is only a partial redeemer of the world, and the noblest periods of the great unknown fall short of the needs of the human soul. But this self-abandoned life, the consecrated spirit, the self-forgetfulness of the student and the self-consecration of the saints always satisfy.

The author of the new translation and the notes in the Polychrome Isaiah is Dr. Cheyne, canon of Rochester and Professor of Oxford. Three different times before he essayed this task. Three times did he write his great work on Isaiah. Each edition was necessitated by the growth of his thought and the change of his opinion. In the edition of 1882 he took back some of the things that he had said in 1881, and in his edition of 1895 he entirely reconstructs his theories of 1882. In the later editions he warns the reader against his earlier editions. In this consecration of the scholar, the self-abnegation of the student, in his willingness to eat his own words and start again, does he exemplify the words of the Great-Unknown, however he may miss their interpretations.

Shall we bemoan the loss of a name or pity the author because he has failed to keep up with his words? Has he not won the surest and divinest immortality? He has joined—

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity.
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn.
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

The Study Table.

My opinion is that the worst books in the United States are school books; and that when a really good one is found, it is exceptional. Most of them are written on order, by those who are unqualified. They are sold many years after they are out of date; and should have been displaced. Many of them are mere rubbish, kept on the market by contracts with ignorant school commissioners. A thoroughly good school book is difficult to produce. It needs on the part of the writer not only specific knowledge, but he must also have rare tact in the way of imparting knowledge to young people. Many wise and learned men box up their learning in words like Dr. Johnson. The old Doctor considered it a model of conciseness and clearness, when he told his auditors that, "when the radical ideal ranches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of sentences in their own nature collateral." But when I open Heath's, English Classics, I am impelled to say that we are rapidly approaching a better state of things. The best English literature is none too good for our school boys and girls, and it should be put in just the way that Mr. Heath is giving it to us. On the table lies the Sir Roger DeCoverly papers. The make-up of the book is perfect, and it has an introduction by Prof. Hudson of Leland Stanford University, which is a model in its way. Mr. Heath is also issuing the Arden Shakespeare, edited by the most distinguished English and American scholars. The last volume, King Lear, I notice is edited by Martha Foot Crow, professor in the University of Chicago.

The Table is groaning under the eloquence and piety of Dr. Talmadge. I take a single passage from a Christmas sermon. He says, "Are you ready now for a thought that overtowers all other thought in importance and grandeur? Pray that you may be ready. It as far exceeds anything that I have said as all the gold mines of California exceed a thimbleful of gold dust. Had the Herodic raid on that room of the Bethlehem Khau, been a successful raid; or had some cold taken by the child in that flight toward Cairo been fatal, Heaven would have been to us an eternal impossibility. With our fallen nature unchanged, unregenerated, unreconstructed through Jesus Christ, the human race would be unfit for Heaven. The infant born in that Bethlehem stall held, in one hand, the ransom of earth; and in the other the rapture of Heaven. Had his life been only one day; had he died in Bethlehem, or in the desert, not a soul would have been saved. O, what a crisis that was in the world's history! What a crisis in the eternities." This sort of material is a disgrace, equally to American literature and to the American pulpit.

It has been especially needful that our American investigators should turn their attention to the sub-conscious phenomena of human nature. We have so far produced nothing to compare with the work done in France and Germany in that line. It does not seem probable that we need much longer make this assertion. A remarkable volume on The Psychology of Suggestion; a research into the sub-conscious nature of man and society by Prof. Boris Sidis of New York, lies on the editor's table. It is published by Appleton & Co. It is prefaced by an introduction by Prof. William James of Harvard University. It will be observed that this volume undertakes to consider the sub-conscious operations, not only of individuals, but of society collectively. This is an extremely important point to be developed. In this volume it is termed "Crowd Psychology." Dr. Sidis discusses Social Suggestibility; Society and Epidemics; Stampedes; Mental Epidemics; Financial Crazes; and American Mental Epidemics. I shall not go into an extended review of this book simply because it ought to be read, and thoroughly read, by all Americans. The American character is largely composed of certain sub-conscious tendencies and characteristics, which should be understood much better than they are. I recommend this book as one of especial interest to the most intelligent readers.

A remarkable book was published in 1887, by G. P. Putnam Sons, under the title of Slav or Saxon. Under the conditions now existing a new edition of this book seemed desirable, and the author, Mr. Foulke, has given it to us. He says, "The certainty of a coming conflict between the Slav and the Saxon has become more generally apparent during the past year; while the cordial friendship between England and America, which has grown up during our war with Spain, has made possible the union of American and English influence for the protection of our common civilization, against the encroachments of autocracy." I believe in the doctrine and lessons of this volume entirely. I believe that no one can be more short-sighted than the man who desires to see the United States limited in her influence to the American continent. I do not find in the book quite as clear a statement of the inherent contrast between federal republicanism and a concentrated autocracy, as is desirable; but it is a very timely and well-stated argument, which should be calmly studied by thinking readers.

We have had no end of histories of the Civil War, covering different fields of debate. In these histories every general has had his praise; and equally each one has been well belabored. We stand a good chance at last of having a thoroughly good story of the Civil War, from the pen of John Codman Ropes, author of several books on the wars of Napoleon. Two volumes of this work are already issued, and are masterly productions. The author conceives that the war can never be understood from a single standpoint. We must know what the South really thought, and how it looked at great public questions leading to a breach of the Union. He tells us that his object is to state the political positions of the contending parties at the outbreak of the war; and to show the objects of the different campaigns, and their relations to each other. It is hoped that the reader will be able to obtain a general view of the contest, and to see its events in their proper order and prospective. So far as one can judge from the volumes already published, this history will be a splendid substitute for most of the rubbish that now lies upon our shelves, as a history of the Civil War. We have learned that even the memoirs of Grant and Sherman have more or less of bias. Published by G. P. Putnams Sons, New York.

A charming and exceeding useful, as well as beautiful book, is Sacred Tunes for the Consecration of Life, Hymns of the Religion of Science, by Paul Carus; and published by the Open Court Publishing Company. The religion of science is the grandest fact of our times, and few have yet discovered that such a thing is a reality. Dr. Carus has never wavered in his religious convictions, although a devotee of science. He says, "Science and religion do not exclude each other; they are complementary. Truth is the common ground of both religion and science, and truth that flashes through man's mind is the presence of God. Science is God's revelation. If God ever spoke to man, science is the burning bush; if there is any divine revelation, it is the recognition of the eternal law that encompasses nature in loving embrace." Some of the hymns included are "The God of Iron," "Love Universal," "Truth Our Home," "Eternity," "Bridal Chorus," "Immortality."

The *Critic*, an illustrated monthly review of literature, art and life, sends its February number to the Table. It is of very great value to anyone who wishes to keep easily acquainted with the developments of literature. The Lounger, who is no other than Joseph B. Gilder, has a delicious way of walking about on the fresh green lawn of literature, and asking us to accompany him. E. P. P.

"The Cambro-American Pulpit."*

This is an attractive volume of English sermons by Welsh preachers just issued by Funk & Wagnalls Company and edited by the Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan. It is illustrated with group cuts of all who have contributed to its make-up, including that of its editor, and his lecture on "Wales as It Was and As It Is." We are pleased to see within its covers sermons by, and biographical sketches of, some of the leading Welsh minds of the past and present, such as Dr. W. C. Roberts, President of Center College, Danville, Ky.; Dr. W. H. Roberts, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. H. O. Rowlands, Lincoln, Neb.; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; Revs. Rhys Gwesyn Jones and John Hughes Parry, Utica, N. Y., and the late Dr. William Roberts, Professor Llewelyn Ioan Evans, Dr. Frederick Evans, etc. Some of the sermons are by Welshmen who are but little known, while a number of representative preachers are not included. This is to be regretted, but probably the editor found it to be a difficult task to make the volume as well as it is, and it is well done. It is difficult to discriminate, but we are led to think that what Professor Llewelyn Ioan Evans writes on, "Christ as An Object to Study;" Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones on "Life's Renewals, or Perpetual Youth;" Dr. Frederick Evans's "Thanksgiving Sermon" and Dr. William Henry Roberts's "True Mastery" are exceptionally good as to thought and style, and quite inspiring throughout.

The "Cambro-American Pulpit" is published with the object of creating a "Welsh Scholarship Fund for worthy young Welsh men and women in some reputable college or university in the United States, the location of the scholarship to be decided hereafter." We earnestly hope that such a worthy purpose will be fully realized. The volume is a welcome contribution to our American religious literature. It will also serve as showing some of the traits of Welsh character and thought. No other Cambro-American book has been issued equally well in style and letters. M. A. W.

The Story of France from the Earliest Times to the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte.**

Mr. Watson, the writer of this unique and striking history, is a Georgian of pronounced populist opinions. They are not disguised in his "Story of France." Macaulay's "History of England" was declared by English Tories to be a Whig pamphlet. With as much justice, and perhaps with more, Mr. Watson's "Story of France" is a populist pamphlet in two volumes, only one of which has come to hand. This volume brings us down to the point where Carlyle began his "French Revolution," so that we may expect a more elaborate treatment of important matters as the work goes on from the death of Louis XV.

It is not wholly objectionable to Mr. Watson's history that it has a thesis to maintain. This fact gives it wonderful vitality. Whatever may be said of the book, no one will be likely to say that it is dull. Dr. Beecher described an ideal sermon as "logic on fire." Mr. Watson's History is history on fire with passionate sympathy with the oppressed of many centuries. The defect is that he makes the miseries of the poor too much a matter of individual blame or class responsibility, without recognizing that the poor and rich were all caught in the same net, as they are now, and that the injurious system was always an effect as well as a cause, and generally a stage on the way from something worse to something better.

Mr. Watson generally errs when he goes about to scourge our modern capitalists over the backs of the old feudal barons and other miserable oppressors of old times. It is not true that bad government treads out the lives of people now "as it did then." We can say this in full view of the "savage wars of peace" which we are waging with the Filipinos. Moreover, it is possible to draw a much more comforting assurance from the course of events portrayed by Mr. Watson than he draws from it. What most impresses me is the great improvement we have made upon the times which he depicts.

It was worth while to have the story of France written by a man in vital sympathy with the poor and oppressed people of the earth. If Mr. Watson exaggerates and errs, it is in the right direction. Meantime his presentation of his matter is extremely vivid. His aim is to be interesting and picturesque, and he succeeds. He brings everybody to the test of their proportionate contribution to the welfare of their fellow men. Take Louis XI for example. He was personally a hateful wretch; but he was a good king because his reign tended for the most part to the amelioration of social conditions. Mr. Watson is not narrow in his sympathies. He hates superstition, but his admiration for Joan of Arc could not be greater if she had seen no visions and dreamed no preternatural dreams. There is something truly refreshing in the way he takes off Louis XIV's ornamental paraphernalia and shows him somewhat after the manner of one of Thackeray's comic illustrations, as the miserable manikin he was without his royal clothes.

A word about the style. It is fresh and forcible without being noble and serene. A certain artifice does much to make it appear much worse than it really is. It is printed in paragraphs, many of which are only a single sentence long. Many of these sentences could be massed in good sized paragraphs and be made pleasanter reading for the change. The effect would still be *staccato* because the sentences are often short and choppy. The effect of reading the short paragraphs is like that of riding over a corduroy road or on the sleepers when a train is off the track. Sometimes when we pass from a set of these sentences or paragraphs to a good continuous passage, it is like passing from a piece of cobblestone pavement to a piece of smooth asphalt. I sincerely trust that in his next volume Mr. Watson will give us less of the short paragraphs and more of the long ones. Also, that in writing of the French Revolution he will give Taine's indictment a fair hearing and prove him in the wrong, as I am well convinced he is. J. W. C.

Hylozoism.*

This volume is preliminary to others which are promised. It is a theory of knowledge, but as such quite unlike the treatises which have sprung from Kant's criticism. It is such a theory of knowledge as the author discovers to be consonant with his gen-

*"The Cambro-American Pulpit." By Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., $1.50. Can be ordered from UNITY office.

**The Story of France from the Earliest Times to the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Thomas E. Watson. In two volumes. Vol. I To the End of the Reign of Louis the Fifteenth. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1899. Cloth, Crown 8vo., pp. 712, $2.50.

*Truth and Error, or the Science of Intellection. By J. W. Powell, Chicago The Open Court Publishing Company, 1898; pp. 428. Price $1.75.

eral theory of the universe, and he means to disperse the fog of metaphysics by a philosophy of science. Mr. Powell's complaint of the metaphysicians is that they trace the universe to something occult. He himself builds the universe out of what is known. Our first surprise is in discovering that the ultimate atom does not bear the reproach which goes with the word metaphysics. Mr. Powell is not an agnostic. His system presupposes the atomic theory, and the ultimate particles are not for him simply the lowest terms in which we can think the world. There is no mystery about matter. Its properties are its essential nature. What, then, are the properties of the ultimate particle? It is one; its occupies space; it changes position; it continues in time. It is a combination—on first examination—of four essential factors: relations of plurality, relations of position, relations of path, relations of change. It is a unit, an extension, a speed, a persistence.

Although we may dread the author's scorn for "metaphysics," still in the name of curiosity or ignorance we secretly raise certain questions. The particle has extension; that is, exclusive occupancy of space. What, then, makes space? Why, a plurality of particles. So far as can be seen, the mental bother about the devisability of the space of a single particle is evaded by simply saying, "exclusive occupancy of space," and when we ask what separates the particles, the author forbids us to think of such a thing as void space or vacuum. That belongs to the fog of illusions. In one place we seem to hear that it is ether (page 345), but unfortunately the question recurs again where we try to understand the ether itself. Mr. Powell must pardon the dullness of a mind which cannot understand how, if space belongs only to the ultimate particles, there can be collisions. Without collisions, however, the universe would not come to pass. We may be allowed to long regretfully for the immaterial monads of Leibritz, which were invented to escape some of these difficulties.

To get the whole universe out of these ultimate particles requires us to endow them with a fifth property. This is affinity, or choice of associates. All the higher developments from atoms depend on this concomitant. Incorporation or compounding by mutual affinities develops the first properties. Spaces compounded become form, motions compounded become force. By incorporation, also, time becomes more than a relation of path. The body itself, the compound of particles undergoes change. This change is causation. These are the first steps on the path which leads to plant, animal, man. Obviously, the secret of the universe lies in this "affinity" of the ultimate particles. To escape reproach this property must not be "occult." Verbally, the definition is clear. Affinity is choice, and therefore consciousness, though a consciousness without memory or inference. It is choice, and therefore the process of evolution is belied. It is consciousness and therefore out of atoms come plants and animals and reasoning men. What now is our astonishment when we learn that this confident definition, without which the whole system is valueless, is, after all, only probable. The only certainty is that particles of animate matter have consciousness or choice. How, then, is this certain? "Metabolism is controlled by the central mind [the contest shows this to be the cortical consciousness] in some manner or other. Believing this, we must infer that the particles of the muscle are conscious as units in a hierarchy of organs, which at the other pole is the cortical consciousness. Here we first reach the facts, the explanation of which seems to require the hypothesis that consciousness primarily adheres in the ultimate particle."

The reviewer postpones his conversion to this theory of hylozoism.

F. A. CHRISTIE.

Meadville Theological School.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—All that we are and all that we have are God's gifts, to be used for God and humanity.

MON.—It is the spirit of the doer which determines the deed.

TUES.—The higher life is measured by the circle of its freedom.

WED.—Not thought, not affection, is the center of man's nature; it is will that is fundamental in him. Will is character.

THURS.—A man of strong personality, of vigorous thought, calls forth the energies of other men. Personality illumines, enkindles, invigorates.

FRI.—One of the secrets of civilization is found in the fact that it introduced variety into life.

SAT.—With each step forward man gathers moral strength, because it is his step.

—*"The Cambro-American Pulpit."*

The March Wind.

Through the winter-withered meadow grasses
Swiftly on and on the March wind passes,
Calling to the flowers,
  Wake! wake!
Rushing on and onward to the river,
Through the gnarled old trees that bend and quiver,
  Shake and shake.

Through the tangled growth of under-bushes,
Fallen leaves, and trampled reeds and rushes,
  Calling to the violets in the sedge—
To the catkins on the shining willows,
Bending o'er the water's tiny billows,
  Making music on the river's edge.

Calling, calling, wintertime is over,
Wake! awake, ye fields of perfumed clover;
  Honey-bees have spread their gauzy wings,
Snow-drops gleam, and crocus-blossoms glisten,
And amidst the March wind, if you listen,
  You may hear a robin as it sings.

—*The Living Church.*

The Cuckoo in Jamie's Pocket.

"What has happened to my clock, Jane?" cried Mrs. Peck.

Jane, the housemaid, came running into the library. The little Swiss clock that hung on the wall was trying to strike eleven with a hoarse, rasping sound. The small door, from which the bird used to make his appearance, crying, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" eleven times at this hour, was open; but no bird was there. "'Deed, and I can't tell you, ma'am; but I'm 'fraid them boys have been after it."

Just then a little boy came bounding into the room. "Mamma," he said, "Aunt Anne came by the gate in her victoria just now and took Charlie up on the driver's seat. They are going to Cold Sulphur Springs and won't be back till night, but she said that she knew you wouldn't mind."

"Do you know where the cuckoo that belongs to my clock is, Jamie?" asked his mother.

"No, mamma," he answered, opening his blue eyes very wide. "I didn't know that it was gone."

"Master Jamie," said the housemaid, "what's in your pocket?"

Jamie pushed both hands down into the pockets of his short trousers and drew forth the little painted wooden bird belonging to the clock. "Mamma," he cried, "I didn't know that it was in my pocket, and I never had it in my hand before."

There was a stillness in the room for a minute, and then Jamie's mother said sweetly: "I can trust you, my boy; you never told me a story in your life. We will find out how it happened some day."

And so they did. When Charlie came home he

owned at once that he had been playing with the clock and had broken it. He had not meant to do it and he was very sorry.

"But why did you put it in Jamie's pocket?" asked his mother.

Charlie laughed and Jamie joined in merrily enough. "That's what comes of our being twins," said Charlie. "Jane never can tell us apart. She calls us both Master Jim Charlie; and, although my clothes are marked with a big 'C,' she hangs them on the foot of Jim's bed half the time, because she doesn't know which is which."

Charlie had to pay for mending the cuckoo clock out of the pocket of his own short trousers, as a punishment for meddling, but to Jamie's ears the little burring sound was always sweet—as sweet as his mother's voice when she said, "I can trust you, my boy."—*Christian Uplook.*

"Nobody's Child."

A lady visiting an asylum for friendless orphan children watched the little ones go through their daily drill, superintended by the matron, a firm, honest woman, to whom her duty had evidently become a mechanical task. One little toddler hurt her foot, and the visitor, who had children of her own, took her on her knee, petted her, made her laugh, and kissed her before she put her down. The other children stared in wonder.

"What is the matter? Does nobody ever kiss you?" asked the astonished visitor.

"No. That isn't in the rules, ma'am," was the answer.

A gentleman in the same city who stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shrieking newsboy at the station one morning, found the boy following him every day thereafter, with a wistful face, brushing the spots from his clothes, calling a car for him, etc.

"Do you know me?" he asked at last.

The wretched little Arab laughed. "No. But you called me 'my child' one day; I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."

A touch, a kiss, a kind word, may do much toward helping the neglected little one who feels it is "nobody's child," teaching it as no money can do, that we are all children of one Father.—*School and Home Education.*

Bees.

In a book on bees, which I read the other day, I found such a question as this: "How much honey do you suppose a single honey bee will gather in a whole season?" And it told how, from about the 1st of May until the end of October, the honey bees travel thousands of miles, visiting tens of thousands of flowers, wasting not one shining hour of the day, and the result of the work of the most industrious bee, under the most favored circumstances, in the whole season is but a quarter of a teaspoonful of honey, and it takes about ten or twelve times that much to satisfy me on my cakes at breakfast. Suppose the bee should say: "Why, what does it matter if, after a whole year's work, I can only gather a quarter of a teaspoonful of honey? I shall never be missed, my contribution is of so little consequence." But when we turn out the contents of the beehive we find there sixty or seventy, and sometimes a hundred pounds of honey. It is the aggregate of the yield.—*Selected.*

> For if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not.
>
> —*Shakespeare.*

Mr. Labouchere on "The Brown Man's Burden."

We have not the most favorable impressions of Mr. Labouchere, but the verses written by him parodying Kipling's "The White Man's Burden," which we print below, are keenly pertinent to the present situation, and are no worse because they come from him. We are indebted to the Chicago *Tribune* for them. They appeared originally in Mr. Labouchere's paper, the London *Truth.*—*Wm. M. Salter in The Cause.*

Pile on the brown man's burden,
To gratify your greed.
Go, clear away the "Niggers"
Who progress would impede;
Be very stern, for truly
'Tis useless to be mild
With new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And if ye rouse his hate,
Meet his old-fashioned reasons
With Maxims up-to-date;
With shells and dum dum bullets
A hundred times make plain,
The brown man's loss must ever
Imply the white man's gain.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Compel him to be free;
Let all your manifestoes
Reek with philanthropy.
And if with heathen folly
He dares your will dispute,
Then in the name of freedom
Don't hesitate to shoot.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And if his cry be sore;
That surely need not irk you,
Ye've driven slaves before.
Seize on his ports and pastures,
The fields his people tread;
Go make from them your living,
And mark them with his dead.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Nor do not deem it hard
If you should earn the rancour
Of those ye yearn to guard,
The screaming of your eagle
Will drown the victim's sob—
Go on through fire and slaughter,
There's dollars in the job.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And through the world proclaim
That ye are freedom's agents—
There's no more paying game!
And should your own past history
Straight in your teeth be thrown,
Retort that independence
Is good for whites alone.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
With equity have done.
Weak, antiquated scruples
Their squeamish course have run,
And though 'tis freedom's banner
You're waving in the van,
Reserve for home consumption
The sacred "rights of man!"

And if, by chance, ye falter,
Or lag along the course,
If, as the blood flows freely,
Ye feel some slight remorse,
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,
Imperialism's prop,
And bid him, for your comfort,
Turn on his jingo stop.

Little five-year old Mamie had been listening attentively to the story of the massacre of the children at Bethlehem, and after it was finished her mother asked her what she thought of it. "Well," she replied, "I think God was awful selfish to save His own little boy and nobody else's."

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Tacoma, Wash.—Mr. Martin of the Free Church at this place has a chance to give his people some plain talks during the month of March in a course of sermons on "Popular Fallacies" as follows:

March 5—"America will prosper no matter how we settle the Philippine problem."
March 12—"It doesn't matter what you believe so long as you do what's right."
March 19—"If you give up the Bible you have no light to guide you."
March 26—"A good God and a suffering world is a contradiction."

Meadville, Pa.—Rev. W. I. Lawrence, whose initials are so familiar to our readers of the Study Table department, has been called to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church at Winchester, Mass., and has accepted the call. This leaves the Unitarian Church at Meadville, which is the seminary church, without a pastor. This is one of the most important churches not only to the Unitarian denomination but to the cause of progressive religion at large. Meadville comes as near being a school of free prophecy as any we know of, a school which requires no doctrinal test whatsoever to permit a student to its privileges, a school that seeks to study reverently the treasures of the past but keeps itself open to new vision and accessible to new inspirations. There should be a strong man at Meadville.

Miss Mable A. Barrows, the accomplished daughter of the Hon. Samuel J. Barrows, whose confirmation as librarian of the Congressional Library was unfortunately not accomplished by the last Congress, is coming West, in March and April, to prepare a Greek play with the students of Grinnell College, Iowa. Miss Barrows has already won a striking success in her Greek revivals, of which she is an enthusiastic and original student. She was the companion of her father in his travels and studies of Modern Greece, and is now prepared to give talks on Modern Greece, illustrated with views taken by her father and herself during their itinerary. We hope Miss Barrows will be heard in Chicago and elsewhere.

Chicago.—The following suggestive program tells of a week's work at the Henry Booth House, 135 West Fourteenth place, W. H. Noyes, head worker:

SUNDAY.

7 p. m.—Young American Club.
7 p. m.—Young Men's Economic Club, Prof. Zueblin (Fortnightly).

MONDAY.

9 to a. m.—Kindergarten, Mrs. Frost and Miss Smith.
4 p. m.—Diana Club (Gymnastics), Miss Tenney and Mrs. Morse.
7 p. m.—Library Circulation and Penny Savings Bank, Miss Tenney.
8 to 9:30 p. m.—Young Folks' Dancing Class, Mr. Rosing and Miss Pischel.

TUESDAY.

9 to 12 a. m.—Kindergarten.
3:45 p. m.—The Washington Club, Miss Tenney (Fortnightly).
8 p. m.—Men's Meeting.

Speaker for March 7th, George Packard, Esq. Subject: "Arnold Toynbee."
14th.—Mr. Percival Chubb of New York, "What is the Problem of the Workingman? What His Ideal?"

WEDNESDAY.

9 to 12 a. m.—Kindergarten.
3 p. m.—Women's Sewing Circle, Mrs. Rosing and Mrs. Kendall.
7:30 p. m.—Children's Reading Circle, Mr. Pischel.
6:30 p. m.—Men's English Class, Mr. Wolf.

THURSDAY.

9 to 12 a. m.—Kindergarten.
3:45 p. m.—The Washington Club, Miss Tenney.
3:45 p. m.—Girls' Sewing Classes, Mrs. Salter, Mrs. Winslow, Miss Singer, Miss F. Schoenman, Mrs. Trumbull, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Greeley, Miss Nelson and Mrs. Chapman.
7 p. m.—Boys' Sloyd Classes and Club, Mr. Pischel, Mr. Lowrie and Mr. Noyes.

FRIDAY.

9 to 12 a. m.—Kindergarten.
4:30 p. m.—Girls' Club, Mrs. Allinson.
7:30 p. m.—Girls' Club, Dr. Ewing.
7:30 p. m.—Girls' Club, Miss Mann.
8 p. m.—Mandolin Club, Mr. H. F. Meyers, leader.

SATURDAY.

10 a. m.—Art Study, Miss Tenney.
4 p. m.—Singing Class, Miss Kohlsaat.
Also men's free reading rooms. Open evenings.
The Kindergarten Mothers' meeting once in three weeks.
Sunday afternoon concert or reading when possible.
The "Dewey Boys" have a club room, meeting nightly.
Persons willing to form or lead clubs or clases are invited to consult with Mr. Noyes.

Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society.—The directors' meeting on March 2 was attended by Rev. A. W. Gould (presiding), Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Hintermeister, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Scheible. The treasurer reported donations of twenty dollars each from the Third Unitarian Sunday-school of Chicago and from All Souls' Sunday-school at Chicago, five dollars from Hull Memorial Chapel, Chicago; three dollars from the Unitarian Sunday-school at Luverne, Minn., and two dollars and a half from the Union Sunday-school at Hobart, Ind. In addition, there had been an encouraging number of annual memberships, besides life membership fees of ten dollars from Miss C. M. Allen of Geneseo, Ill., and from Rev. Thomas Van Ness of Brookline, Mass. The committee on new primary class cards reported progress, hoping to submit a full set of suggestions at the April meeting. President Gould then spoke briefly of the plans for the annual meeting on the morning of May 25, detailed announcement of which will be made later on. Mr. Gould also touched on the plans proposed for the new Sunday-school weekly, which the directors are anxious to encourage, and which, it is hoped, will be benefited by a discussion at the annual meeting. Mr. Scheible then spoke of the very suggestive paper on "Sunday-school Libraries, read at the last meeting of the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-schools, by Miss Irene Warren, librarian of of the Chicago Normal School. It was believed that the printing of this paper for free distribution among our schools would lead to greater helpfulness on the part of Sunday-school libraries, hence it was voted to publish the same as the third number in the society's series of free tracts.

ALBERT S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of the City of Toledo: Your thoughtful words on the heartless and merciless slaughter of the Philippinos cut to the quick and will awaken a response in every truly human heart that sees or hears them. I inclose a clipping which suggests the blood thirstiness of the "tiger in man."

The clipping is the purported word of a lieutenant just returned from Manila, who recommends prompt measures and fierce attack, such as will shatter the forces of the Philippinos and compel them to take to the mountains, but even then, the lieutenant says, a guerilla warfare will be kept up against the United States for a long time. It will be impossible to starve the Philippinos into submission, as the Spaniards tried to do in Cuba, for food in the Philippines is natural. All a person has to do is to open his mouth and it is filled. Under these circumstances the plan of starving out an enemy is nonsense.

The lieutenant speaks wisely from the military standpoint. The only war that will bring peace to the Philippines is probably the war of extermination, for, however low they may be in the scale of intelligence, they are sufficiently developed to be imbued with the instinct of self-preservation and a human love of liberty. Is there no better way than "fierce attack" and what is called "prompt measures?"—Editors.

Resolutions on the Philippine Question.

The following resolution was adopted with but one dissenting vote at a special meeting of the Chicago Ethical Society, held at Steinway Hall on the evening of February 15th. Let other religious societies express themselves on this greatest ethical question that has been before the United States government as such since the war for the rights of the black man.

"RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this meeting that our government shall concede to the Philippine Islands the same rights of self-government which it has pledged itself to give to Cuba."

Other resolutions were adopted with six dissenting votes. They were as follows:

WHEREAS, recent developments in the Philippine Islands have tended to throw discredit on the fair name of the United States, and to put to a severe test the loyalty of its citizens to democratic political principles, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we reaffirm our allegiance to the great principle of democracy that just government rests on the consent of the governed.

RESOLVED, That while we do not regret that whatever title Spain had to the Philippine Islands has been transferred to the United States, we hold that the United States should exercise its rights under that title in consistency with the democratic principles already stated and should not claim a sovereignty over the Philippinos which they reject in arms.

RESOLVED, That as noble as was the war to free the Cubans, so ignoble is this war to subjugate the Philippinos.

RESOLVED, That this war should either stop or should not be waged a day longer without an explicit statement from our government that we do not propose to govern the Philippinos against their consent.

RESOLVED, That with all respect to the chief magistrate of this nation, we remind him that he declared that "forcible annexation cannot be thought of" in the case of Cuba, because, by our code of morals, it would be "criminal aggression;" and that the same sound, honorale principle applies to the Philippine Islands.

RESOLVED, That the only aim our government can have consistently with the democratic principle upon which it is founded and with the declaration of a disinterested purpose with which it embarked on the war with Spain, is to assist the people of the Philippine Islands in establishing a government of their own and to protect them in the exercise of that right against aggression or interference from without.

RESOLVED, That while details may well be left to legislators, principles may properly be affirmed by the people here and everywhere, and that we call on other religious bodies and on all associations loyal to the spirit of American institutions, to declare themselves on this matter, and to reprobate the lawless spirit of greed, and the false, un-American patriotism known as Imperialism, which are drowning the reason and conscience of the people, and which threaten, if they go unchecked, to put the republic in peril.

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"Hebrew Legends," by Mrs. T. W. Allinson.

"Fairy Tales and Fables," by H. C. Seymour.

North Side, at Masonic Hall, 615 N. Clark street, 9:30 a. m. —Miss Juniata Stafford, superintendent. Classes in

"Ethics for Young People," by Mrs. N. H. Root.

"Selected Biographies," by Miss A. M. Leary.

"Greek Legends," by Miss Emma Pischel.

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"Fairy Tales and Fables," by Miss Bertha Kohlsaat.

"Fairy Tales and Fables," by Miss Sophy Hyde.

West Side, at Vorwaerts' Turner Hall, 1166 West 12th street, 9:30 a. m.—Mr. C. M. Wirick, superintendent. Class in

"Selected Biographies," by Miss Mary S. Tenney.

"Hebrew Legends," by Miss Mary D. Hill.

"Greek Legends," by Miss Katharine Eiles.

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The aim of these schools is to train children and young people in the way of duty without superstition and in harmony with the light of to-day. Many liberal parents allow their children to drift into the ordinary Sunday-schools, or they are helpless, not knowing what to do. The aim of the Ethical Society is to meet their needs, to teach children what they will not have to outgrow, and above all, to lead them to think for themselves. Parents are invited to visit the schools. The work is all a labor of love on the part of the teachers, and is done in the name of the Ethical Society. The Liberals of Chicago have an opportunity here which they should utilize.

Books Received.

All books acknowledged under this head or reviewed in the Study Table can be ordered through this office.

The Macmillan Company: "Three Studies in Literature." By Lewis E. Gates. $1.50.

Fords, Howard & Hulburt, New York: "Some Marked Passages and Other Stories." By Jeanne G. Pennington. $1.00.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York: "Anecdotes and Morals." By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D .D.

"Harmonics of Evolution, The Philosophy of Individual Life, Based upon Natural Science, as Taught by Modern Masters of the Law." By Florence Huntley. Published by the author.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York: "The Federation of the World." By Benjamin F. Trueblood, LL.D. $1.00.

Funk & Wagnall's Company, New York: Poems by Richard Reelf. Edited by Col. Richard J. Hinton. $2.50.

The Macmillan Company, New York: "Lectures on the Evolution of Plants." By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph. D., Professor of Botany in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

Mr. Salter's two addresses, the one on "Imperialism" and the other on "England in 1776 and America in 1899," printed in UNITY, have been put in pamphlet form and can be obtained from the publisher of this paper. Price, 5 cents.

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PUBLISHERS' INTRODUCTION.

Says Emerson in his essay on "The Uses of Great Men," "It is natural to believe in Great Men. If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be heroes, and their condition royal, it would not surprise us. The search after the great man is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood." This explains the fascination of biographical reading. For the majority of people, young and old, there is no book more fascinating than a well-written biography of a worthy man or woman. Few books have lived longer or made a more lasting impression than "Plutarch's Lives." And, since all history is made by its heroes it follows that to know biography is to become acquainted with history. There is no better way of becoming acquainted with American history than by reading the lives of a few great Americans. The Life of Washington, as told in this volume, touches upon the most important points in the war of the Revolution, while the lives of Lincoln, Grant and Lee recount the deeds and reflect the spirit of the Civil War. In the same way the lives of Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, as told in this book, present a clear account of the last sixty years of English History.

Yet, notwithstanding the interest and importance of this line of reading, a really good biography, brief enough for the use of young people with limited time for reading, simple and direct, is difficult to find. We believe that in this volume of twenty-three sketches written by one who has been for some years a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, we are offering a work of real merit, which is not less accurate and reliable because written in an easy, familiar style, with an undertone of courage, good cheer and mirthfulness which ought to make it attractive to the youngest readers. We trust they will not be willing to lay the book down with one reading, but will be moved to return to it again and again until they have made its contents their own and its heroes and heroines their life-long friends.

CONTENTS.

George Washington, the Father of his Country; Ulysses S. Grant, the Man of Silence; Abraham Lincoln, the Rail-Splitter of Illinois; Victoria, Queen of England; Henry W. Longfellow, the Poet of the Common People; Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer; Rosa Bonheur, the Painter of Animals; Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of America; Benjamin Franklin, Statesman, Scientist, Philosopher; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, England's Greatest Woman Poet; Joan of Arc, the Deliverer of France; Thomas Alva Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park; William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England; Fridtjof Nansen, Explorer of the Farthest North; Clara Barton, the Angel of the Battlefield; Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist; John Wanamaker, the Successful Man of Business; Robert E. Lee, the Hero of the South; Susan B. Anthony, a Champion of Woman; Frances Willard, the Apostle of Temperance; Galileo, the Student of Nature; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the Great Musician; Florence Nightingale, the Sacrificing Sister.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Tomb of Washington. George Washington and the Hatchet. Washington's Farewell to His Mother. Washington and His Men Hunting Indian Tracks. Martha Washington. House where First Congress Met. The Tree under which Washington took Command of the Army. Washington and His Men at Valley Forge. Surrender of Burgoyne. Washington at Valley Forge, Reading a Letter. Mount Vernon. George Washington, Portrait. Grant's Birthplace. Grant Plowing. Grant Breaking a Horse. West Point. General Scott. Artillery Going to the Front. The Advance of Vicksburg. General William T. Sherman. Battle of the Wilderness. Battle of Shiloh. Soldiers Marching to the Front. Capitol at Washington. U. S. Grant, Portrait. Abraham Lincoln Going to School. Lincoln's Babyhood. Moving to Indiana. The Proud Possessor of a Log Cabin. Too Poor to Afford a Tallow Candle. Lincoln, the Mother of Invention. Lincoln as an Orator. Lincoln's Big Heart. Lincoln as a Book Agent. The Causes of the War. Slaves on a Plantation. Abraham Lincoln, Portrait. John Wilkes Booth. The Soldier's Good-bye. Victoria's Baptism. Queen Victoria, Portrait. Childhood of Victoria. Hampton Court Gardens, England. Windsor Castle. Buckingham Castle. Coronation Chair. Prince Albert's Tomb. Parliament Building, London. Henry W. Longfellow's Home. Henry W. Longfellow, Portrait. Henry M. Stanley, Portrait. Young Stanley's Daring Feat. Almshouse Boys at Dinner. Stanley being Robbed. Stanley Finding Livingstone. Preparing for a Feast. Rosa Bonheur's Favorite Store. Rosa Bonheur at Nineteen. Plowing. The Overthrow. The Horse Fair. Patrick Henry, portrait. Benjamin Franklin and His Electrical Experiment. Benjamin Franklin, when a Boy. Mrs. Browning, portrait. The Childhood of Joan of Arc. Fresco—Joan of Arc. Edison as a Newsboy. Edison, portrait. Thomas A. Edison and His Talking Machine. William Ewart Gladstone. Gladstone, when a Boy Debating. Gladstone's Ancestors. Gladstone at Eton. Eton College. Christ Church College, Oxford. Dining Hall, Christ Church College. Broad Walk—Gardens of Christ Church College. Hawarden Castle. The Old Castle at Hawarden. Gladstone Introducing the Home Rule Bill. Gladstone and Grandchild. Nansen when a Child. Fridtjof Nansen, portrait. Nansen's First Snowshoes. Nansen Hunting Polar Bears. The "Fram." Farthest North. Clara Barton's Childhood. Clara Barton, portrait. Clara Barton and Her Work in Cuba. Dwight L. Moody, portrait. Mother of Dwight L. Moody. John Wanamaker. Robert Lee on His Favorite Horse. Fitzhugh Lee, portrait. Robert E. Lee, portrait. House where Lee Surrendered. Susan B. Anthony, portrait. A Reception. Frances E. Willard, portrait. Drinking Fountain. Anna A. Gordon. Galileo, portrait. Wolfgang Mozart, portrait when a boy. Florence Nightingale.

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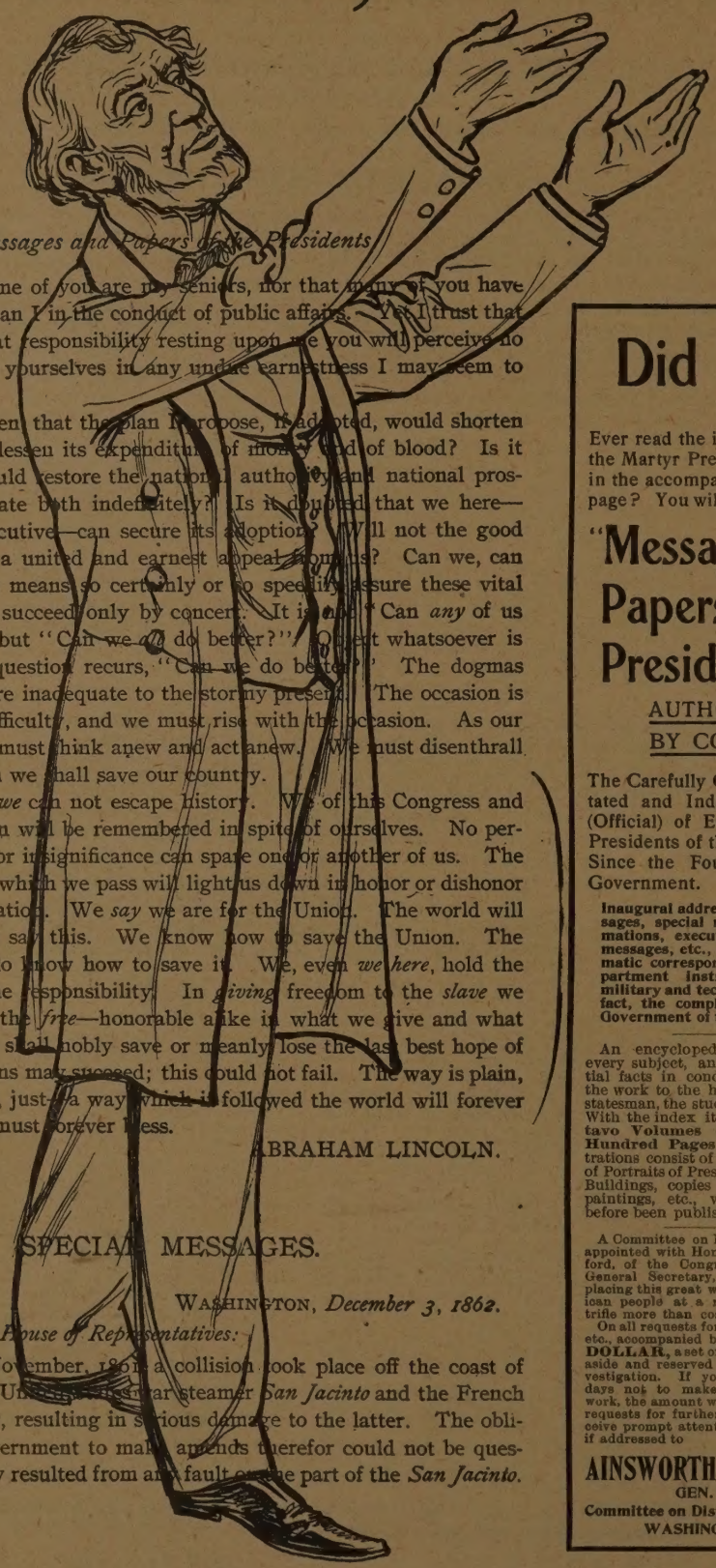

do I forget that some of you are my seniors, nor that many of you have more experience than I in the conduct of public affairs. Yet I trust that in view of the great responsibility resting upon me you will perceive no want of respect to yourselves in any undue earnestness I may seem to display.

Is it doubted, then, that the plan I propose, if adopted, would shorten the war, and thus lessen its expenditure of money and of blood? Is it doubted that it would restore the nation's authority and national prosperity and perpetuate both indefinitely? Is it doubted that we here—Congress and Executive—can secure its adoption? Will not the good people respond to a united and earnest appeal from us? Can we, can they, by any other means so certainly or so speedily assure these vital objects? We can succeed only by concert. It is not "Can *any* of us *imagine* better?" but "Can we *all* do better?" Object whatsoever is possible, still the question recurs, "Can we do better?" The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

Fellow-citizens, *we* can not escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We *say* we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We, even *we here*, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In *giving* freedom to the *slave* we *assure* freedom to the *free*—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which if followed the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SPECIAL MESSAGES.

WASHINGTON, *December 3, 1862.*

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

On the 3d of November, 1861, a collision took place off the coast of Cuba between the United States war steamer *San Jacinto* and the French brig *Jules et Marie*, resulting in serious damage to the latter. The obligation of this Government to make amends therefor could not be questioned if the injury resulted from any fault on the part of the *San Jacinto*.

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THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Summary of Contents.—The accidental origin of the Christian Religion. The part taken by John the Baptist; his incentive to action; church neglect of him, and why. Origin of the word Christian. Why Christ was crucified. The teachings of Christ. Adoption of the books of the Old Testament enforced by Christ quoting them. Why so much of Paul and so little of Peter. Why Peter's Gospel was suppressed. Paul's recantation. The ascension. The origin, authorship and service of the Fourth Gospel. The need of faith. Westminster Catechism. Evident shame of the many authors of the Thirteenth Article of Religion. Why the sharp curtailment of the Epistle of James. Inertia of ideas. Importance of Inherited ideas, and the mental laws by which their errors are corrected. Guiding nature of the mental faculties. Courage, memory, imagination and conscience derived through other faculties; action of the latter. Natural depravity. Origin of money. Transformation of idle savages into laborers. Far-reaching effect of a certain edict of Justinian. Cause of the universality of Trinitarianism. Heroism and extinction of the Samaritans. Glimpses of New Testament accounts in the works of Josephus. The same circumstance started both Paul and Josephus on a journey to Rome; both were shipwrecked, etc. Two mentions of Jesus in the New Testament more accurately fit another Jesus mentioned by Josephus. An Egyptian mentioned by Josephus was undoubtedly Christ. (See Acts xxi, 38; Matt. ii, 15.) The "Testimony" an admitted interpolation. The words "who was called Christ," and the probable original words. Triplicate association of ideas suggest that Jesus may have had a rival in the person of Judas mentioned in Acts v, 37. Josephus' account of Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, and eulogy of the latter; why that sect not mentioned in the new testament. Worldliness, Conversion, Immortality, closing with Supernatural Supervision.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in 'The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

Mr. Mitchell has done the cause of Liberalism a great service in his noble work. He has assumed that the truth is a better guide than falsehood, and that it is safe to know the truth and to tell it. There is no subject about which there is more of darkness, of ignorance, of error, than the one he has undertaken to clear up—the divinity of Jesus. Mr. Mitchell has studied the gospels and contemporaneous literature with one end in view—that of finding the truth. He has brought to his study a candid mind, a scholar's critical judgment and a philosopher's spirit. He has sifted the material bearing upon his subject, and arranged and presented the facts, as far as they could be ascertained, in a way to secure the attention of the reader, and to carry conviction to the impartial and unprejudiced mind. His masterly presentation of the superstitions and ideas which culminated in the declaration that Jesus was divine, throws new light on the gospels, and helps to make clear what has heretofore been dark and mysterious. "The Safe Side" is a good book to have in your library. It is original, able and thoroughly liberal in its treatment of the subject.

From The Chicago "Tribune."

* * * "The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack," by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints."

* * * But the work should be read by doctors of the church, and able educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject. * *

From the Chicago "Times."

* * * Such a book as indicated is "The Safe Side," by Richard M. Mitchell, of this city. * * * But in all this terribly destructive criticism it is manifest that the writer entertains the simplest and most reverent belief in God, and in the unbroken life and development of the human soul throughout eternity. To him the distinction between good and evil is clear, notwithstanding the extinction of Christianity, as a system in his belief. Sin, wrong, he does not believe can be forgiven, but its penalty must be borne in remorse, retarded growth, etc. * * * Read his book. * * *

The most remarkable features of the book are its simplicity of manner, its utter fearlessness of candor, its freedom from anything like a spirit of bitterness. It is a book that will be denounced by every orthodox speaker or writer, but they should not forget that denunciation is often, like a demurrer in legal proceedings, an admission of facts, and nearly always amounts to begging the question at issue. It is a book which for its matter, its thought, to say nothing of its manner, is thoroughly worthy of equally simple and complete refutation, if any one can achieve it.

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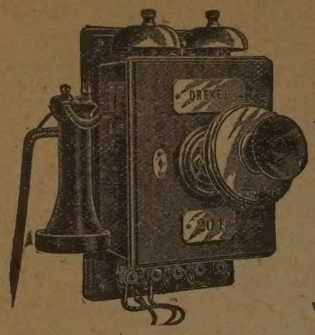

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